

George Washington
Ghost

25c

She Ain't So Dumb--

SHE might be a blonde but that's no sign she's so lightheaded she can't appreciate a date for dinner—where the food is fine and abundant, where the tunes are torrid and the setting scintillant.

Tell her to meet you at—

RESTAURANT MADRILLON

1304 G ST.

*Dinner Concerts
Daily*

Table d'Hote Dinner,
\$1.50 -- Luncheon 55c
and a dollar

Peter Borrass,
Host



NO WONDER

Adoring Girl: "How in the world did you ever get so big and strong?"

Halfback Hank: "Well, you see, my mother insisted that I go to public school and wear curls till I was fourteen."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



THERE'S A MORAL TO THIS

I bet her she wouldn't marry me and she called my bet and raised me five.

—*W. & L. Mink.*

MILT GROSS

"And what did the neighbors say when Jimmy Nigh was born?"

"Nigh's baby."

—*Dennison Flamingo.*



HARD HEARTED

"What's a good book on cannibalism?"

"How about 'The Hard Boiled Virgin'?"

—*Pitt Panther.*



*If you want to forget that
you're not at home, eat at the*

Park Road Coffee Shop
1404 Park Road

C. A. PEARSON MAin 6977 D. C. CRAIN

G. W. Senior Rings

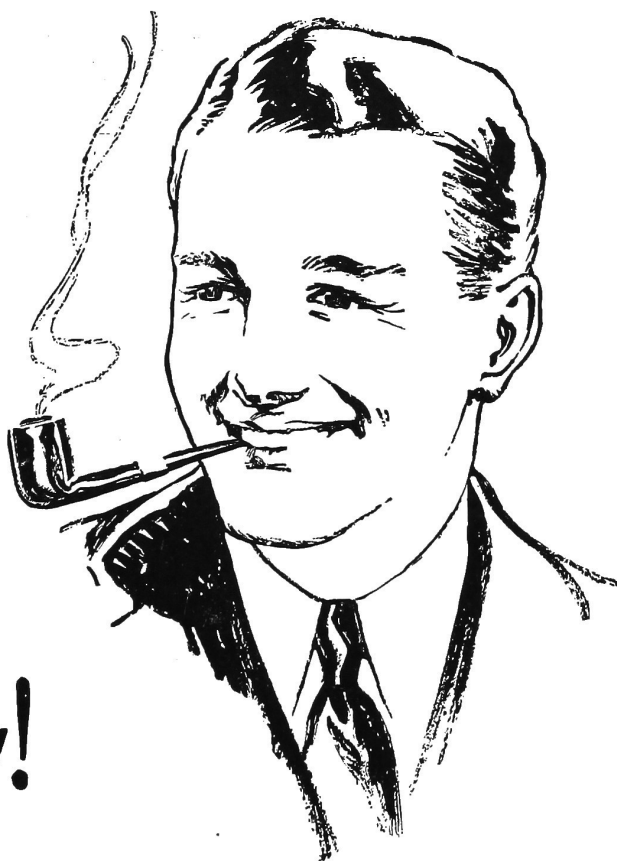
PEARSON & CRAIN

JEWELERS

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, FAVORS

1329 F Street, N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

You'll like P.A.- and how!

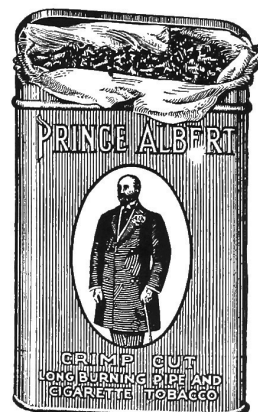


OPEN a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and give your olfactory nerve a treat. Never have you met an aroma that had so much come-and-get-it. Some fragrance, Fellows. And that's just a starter. Load up and light up. . . .

Cool as final exams. Sweet as passing. Mild as *cafe au lait* — mild, but with that rich, full-bodied flavor that bangs your smoke-gong right on the nose on every fire-up. You'll like this long-burning Prince Albert in the bowl of a pipe. And how!

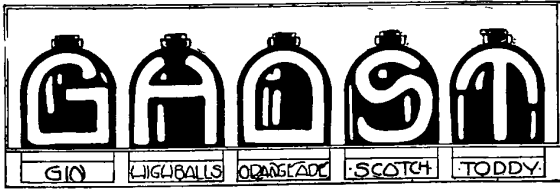
One of the first things you notice about P.A. is that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how wide you open the smoke-throttle. It is one tobacco that never wears out its welcome. You can stoke and smoke to your heart's content, with P.A. for packing. Get some Prince Albert now and get going!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

— the national joy smoke!



Vol. IV January, 1928 No. 4

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FROM THE CLASSICS

It was late at night. Diogenes was walking down the street carrying a lantern he had just stolen from a woodpile. Suddenly the gigantic form of a night watchman loomed in front of him.

"What are you doing with that lantern?" demanded a threatening voice.

Quickly the sage replied, "I am looking for an honest man."

Baffled, the policeman turned and went away.

—Stanford Chaparral.

LOGICAL

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

"Well, you're the last, and the last shall be first."

—Yale Record.



MUCH BETTER

Old Lady: "Are you the editor of a college comic?"

Editor: "Oh, no mam, I'm only a pick-pocket."

—Ohio Green Goat.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP

10th, 11th, F and G Streets

YOUNG MAN

or

YOUNG WOMAN

Whatever your apparel needs may be—from a Handkerchief to a Hat—may be found here—at most reasonable prices.

Men's Apparel, 2nd Floor

Women's and Misses' Apparel, 3rd Floor

G. W. U.

PENNANTS — PINS — BELT BUCKLES
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TRY OUR SUPERB SANDWICHES
Sundaes and Sodas RIGHT

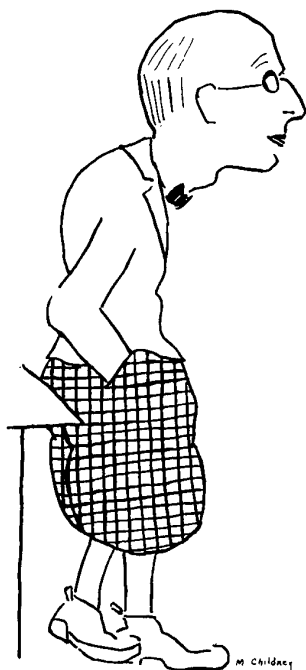
QUIGLEY'S

Prescription Pharmacy

Cor. 21st and G Streets N. W.

Franklin 6591—Phones—Franklin 6461

School Number



Guess who
THIS is

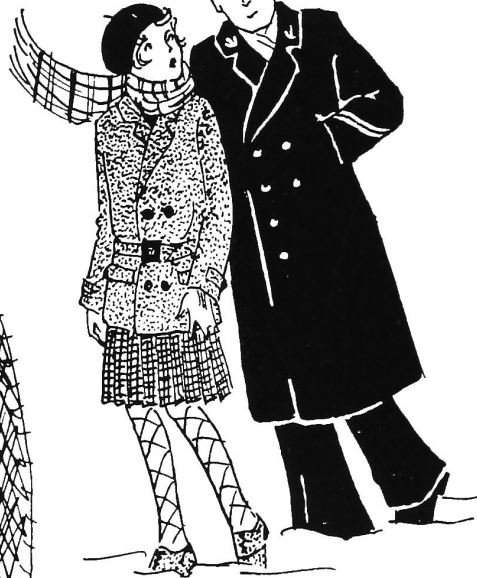
"Since September I've Thought of No One but You~"



-what they don't teach you at Yale!

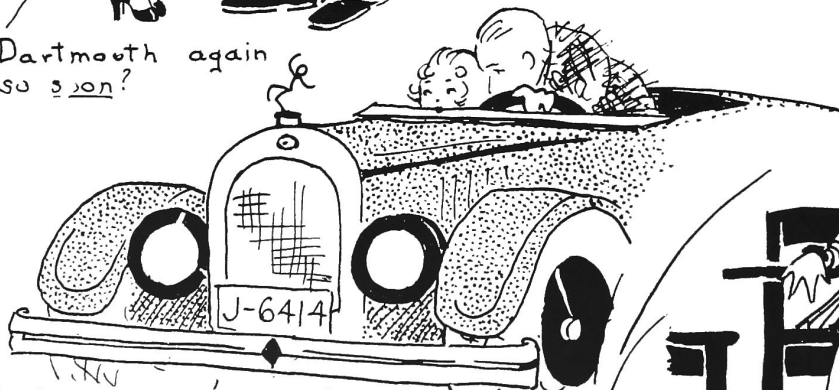


No one else has the sophistication of you Harvard men!



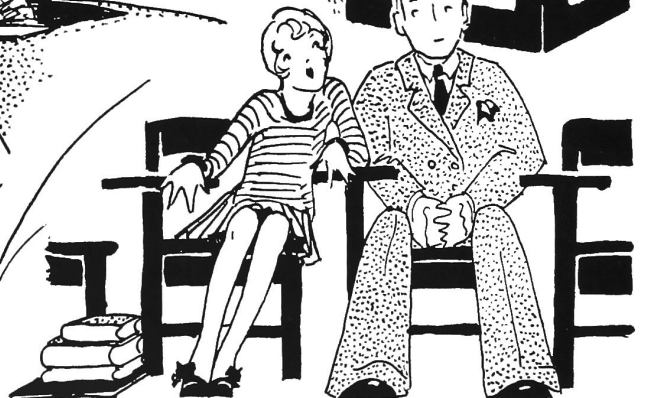
Navy men are my ideal!

Dartmouth again so soon?



Lehigh men are so clever!

Watch your step, Eve! He had a holiday, too.....



S'good to be back to old G.W. and you. I've been bored to tears!



VOLUME IV

JANUARY, 1928

NUMBER 4

CAMPUS CHATTER

The Cover

The creator of this month's cover is Burns D. Price. It depicts, as you can well see, the manner in which our great-great-grandfathers used to whoop it up when they went to school down in Virginia. They are doing it in a nice, dignified way, but of course they had better stuff to drink in those days.

And now for a word or two about the artist himself. Mr. Price was born sometime during the first decade of the 20th century, like so many of the rest of us. He was graduated from Oxford at the age of twelve, and since that time has been active in national politics. Although it is against our policy to talk shop in these columns, we may say that we have authorized our bankers to pay Mr. Price \$3,000 for this cover.

Final Exams

Soon will come the time for the finals. Of all the things that gripe us, exams stand at the

head of the list. It is about this time of the year that we wish we were going to one of those schools where, if you make a certain average, you are excused from exams. A voice from the rear pipes up to say that we wouldn't make a high enough average anyway, but it's nice to think about it.

The only thing we can do about the whole affair is to pray that the Hatchet will this year forget to print its standard editorial on exams. Ever since we



have been going to this institution the Hatchet has persisted in repeating the following phrase: " * * * Many a student will stay up late burning the midnight oil, aided by many cups of black coffee."

To begin with, all the students we know would never stay up

later than midnight studying for any kind of exam. As for the coffee part, we have tried it and it doesn't work. When you drink coffee you feel as though you ought to have something substantial to go with it, and we ate so much the first time that it made us sleepy. We'd rather eat than study. We have even been accused of being somewhat like the famed French gourmand, who claimed that with the right kind of sauce he could eat his own father.

The Hatchet

It's funny how our minds will wander. We started out talking about exams, then cautioned the Hatchet, and wound up talking about eating. If we said anything uncomplimentary about the Hatchet, it was entirely unintentional. If there ever was a hard working crew, it is the Hatchet Board.

Their weekly stint begins with Friday night. The Board members meet and work from 7:30

(Continued on page 12)



Getting A Date
In Africa

HOW ABOUT B.V.D.'s?

"Do you know any of my frat brothers?"

"Oh, I've recognized them by your ties."



He: "I bet if you had a full head of hair now you wouldn't know what to do with it."

She: "Oh course I would. I'd have it bobbed, silly."



MUST BE A STUDENT

"That fellow does nothing but yawn."

"Sort of a hand to mouth existence, eh?"



"I think its shocking the way these new sleeveless dresses are cut."

"Well the Constitution says we have a right to bear arms."

THE SINGLE STANDARD

"What did your wife say when you told her you would be detained at the office and would not be home?"

"She said, 'Can I depend on that?'"



(He (a professional cracksman): "Wifey, dear, now that we have baby, what'll we raise him up to be?"

Wifey: "Oh, I want him to follow right in the fingerprints of his father."



JUST PLAIN NUTS

Breathless Commuter (To store clerk): "Quick, give me a peck of apples, a pint of milk, and a dozen eggs. I want to make a train."



"Let's go to the press room," said the young reporter as he walked from the hall into the parlor with his date.



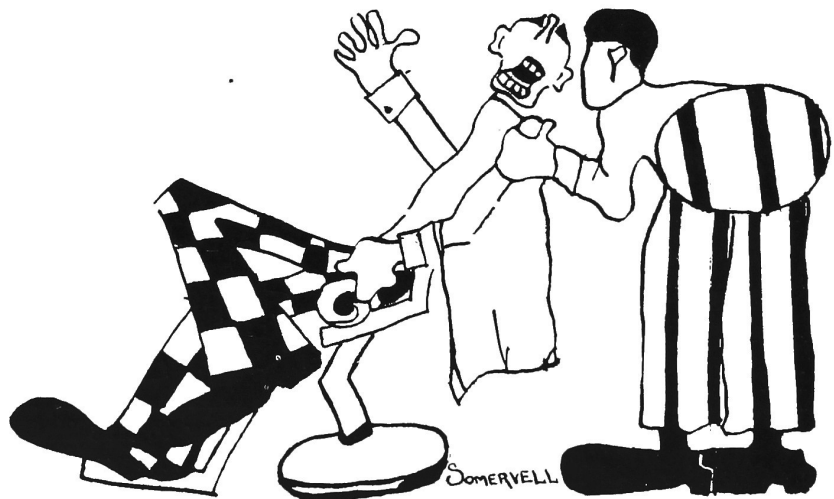
"Was there a crowd at the soda fountain?"

"Yes, I had to wait a month of sundaes."



"That girl has a beautiful automobile."

"Oh, but you ought to see her carriage."



Man with pyorrhea: "They tell me you're quite a tennis player, Doc."

Dentist (bashfully): "Yes, I took a set from Bill Tilden once."



She: "Do you like Elinor Glyn's novels?"

Her: "I just adore them. Really there is no one else who can get so much meaning into a row of asterisks."

A COLLEGIATE CREDO

The average Student Believes—

- ¶ That by changing their textbooks each year, professors get a substantial rake-off from the book stores.
- ¶ That all good looking girls get good grades.
- ¶ Yet, most of the smart girls are not good looking.
- ¶ That professors never make up their grades by a cold analysis of the student's work; it all depends on whether or not they like the student.
- ¶ That professors wear shabby clothes because they are underpaid.
- ¶ That something is wrong with the school.
- ¶ That all professors are more or less absent-minded.

The Average Professor Believes—

- ¶ That students are not nearly as intelligent as they were when he went to school.
- ¶ That when a student laughs at his jokes he really enjoys them.
- ¶ That something is wrong with the school.
- ¶ That college boys spend their evenings going on wild parties.
- ¶ That the same applies to most co-eds.
- ¶ That civilization is on the downfall.

We Believe—

- ¶ That the majority of the above points are extremely well taken.

HE SHOULD TRY LISTERINE

Mother: "Son, do I smell tobacco on your breath?"

Son: "Yes, mother."

Mother: "Then you will have to stop going out with those girls."

When we see some of the women who use rouge and lipstick we don't blame the stuff for running.

"What's your real name?"

"Georgiana."

"What's your pet name?"

"Mother says I'm too young for that."

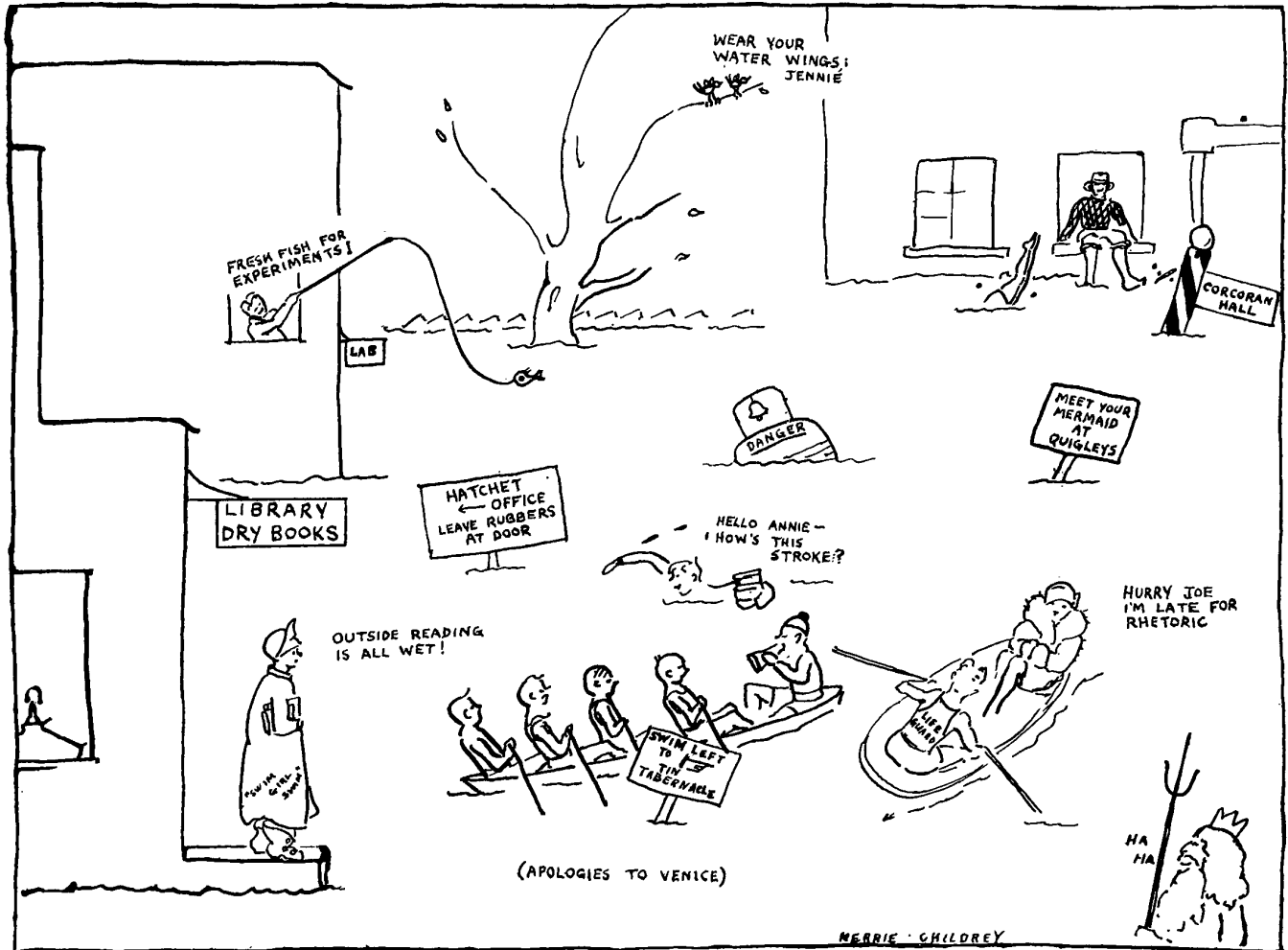
WE APOLOGIZE FOR THIS

The young lady was about to leave when helpful Henry stepped up and asked if he might put on her galoshes. She smiled sweetly and coyly replied, "Don't be silly, your feet are far too big."

When a girl gets her face lifted she usually gets her pace lifted also.

Hobo (Not the Jim Tully variety): "Lady, I'd like to cut up some of that wood in the yard for a meal."

Lady: "Go ahead, help yourself to it. I hope it's good."



THE REAR CAMPUS IN RAINY WEATHER



FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE GHOST

Between classes Amos Whiffletree sometimes indulged in a little light refreshment to help forget the courses he was flunking. Imagine his surprise and embarrassment when little Ephod, his brother, discovered him red-handed. However, a pretzel will help to smooth things over. His old mother must never know that her boy imbibes spirituous liquors.

SO THERE!

Boss (to stenographer): "How about going on a business trip with me next week?"

Steno: "Say, I may be your typewriter, but don't get the idea that I'm portable."

"Women are rapidly taking man's place in the world, but men are still taking them places."

AT LE PARADIS

First night club patron (to friend): "Why do you put your napkin around your neck?"

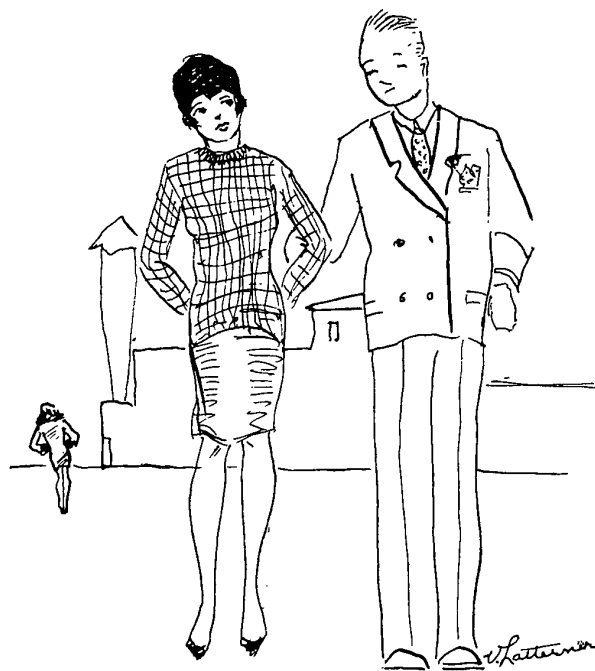
Friend: "Oh, I always do that when I get trimmed."

The Instructor of Romance Languages Writes a Letter to His Sweetie

My dear Mary:

1. How are you today? 2. Is it warm in the place where you find yourself? 3. We are having good weather here. 4. The sun is shining outside. 5. In the street I am able to see many people. 6. Can you see many people from your window? 7. The street which runs in front of our house is a wide one. 8. Is the street in front of your house a wide one? 9. Are you in good health? 10. I am in the best of health, thank you. 11. Do you wish that I come to see you? 12. If you would say that you wished me to come to see you, I would do so. 13. I have a new automobile. 14. It is blue with white wheels, like the one Paul has. 15. Do you like to ride in an automobile? I do. 16. My automobile is bigger than Paul's automobile. 17. It is time for dinner, so it is necessary that I stop. 18. Write me soon. 19. With good wishes for your health, I remain

RODNEY.



"Who's the girl across the street in the short skirt?"

.. "That ain't no girl—that's my grandmother."



The GEORGE WASHINGTON GHOST

Vol. IV.

JANUARY, 1928

No. 4

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This month's cover by Burns Price

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CAMPUS CHATTER

Continued from Page 7

till past midnight sometimes. They get a full day's rest on Saturday and then go at it again on Sunday night, "down at the printer's." On this night they are lucky if they get away before 1:00 a. m. At this time all stories are supposed to be in, and if they are not short two or three galleys they are lucky. On Monday night the editors make up



the paper, a job which also sometimes drags till midnight. The paper then goes to press on Tuesday and is delivered to the Hatchet office the same evening.

At this point the efficient business staff goes into action. This aggregation is composed mostly of sorority goats, aided by a few healthy males who firmly believe their duty is to make as much noise as possible. Thus the Hatchet is prepared by loving hands and dispatched to anxious subscribers.

On Tuesday or Wednesday the assignments come out, with the consequent scramble for the assignment books. Gradually the stories come in (some of them couched in English that would make Dean Wilbur wince) and on Friday the Board of Editors meet again for the purpose of converting the stories into readable English.

And this, ladies and gentlemen, is why we have one of the best college newspapers to be found anywhere; its style and format lead them all. If we ever again say anything mean about the University Hatchet we hope our children will be editors of college comic magazines.

Earmuffs

Last month we conducted a tirade against the pest who honked his auto horn during class time, thus breaking the slumbers of students and otherwise disrupting the tranquility of our mundane existence. This practice has abated somewhat, but not altogether, and we feel it is up to us to present a complete remedy for the nuisance. Harken!

Why not equip all students with earmuffs? This would be a splendid idea, say we. When the Auto Pest honked his horn we would fool him, for the noise would be distinctly inaudible to the students in class.



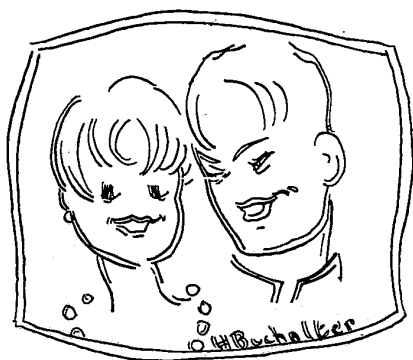
The objection is raised that if students wore earmuffs they could not hear what the professor was saying. While we had not taken this into consideration at first, it now seems to us that our plan is even better than ever.

\$3,700

The other day we were approached by a patron of the arts who suggested that this institution ought to have one of Stuart's original paintings of The Father of Our Country. Mr. Stuart, so it seems, made three paintings of Mr. Washington, and then proceeded to make forty copies of the best out of the three. Connoisseurs say that these forty copies are all more finished than the first.

We said, "Sure, an original Stuart of George Washington is just what this school needs," thinking all the while that the portrait would be presented to G. W. as a gift. We were not kept in suspense long, however, for the art patron casually informed us that the price of the painting was Three Thousand Seven Hundred Dollars, and that he was authorized to make the sale. After requesting us to Exert Our Influence toward obtaining it for G. W. U., he mounted a three-legged horse and rode into the night, reaching Los Angeles the following noon in time for the Madri Gras.

We hereby refer the suggestion to the Faculty Committee on the Purchase of Stuart Portraits, with the request that they take whatever action is deemed necessary. Secretly, it looks as if there were a conspiracy on foot to make Corcoran Hall resemble Corcoran Art Gallery.



"I hit my head against the piano last night, but I didn't hurt myself."

"Hard head?"

"No, I hit the soft pedal."

LEMON FLAVOR

Shiek: "I've either met you somewhere before, or someone else uses the same flavor lip-stick."

Man (searching through house for his wife) to the maid: "Bridget, do you know anything concerning my wife's whereabouts?"

Bridget: "Yes, sir, I put them in the wash."

When a man sees red he should wait until he sees yellow, then green, otherwise he may see a cop.

First G.D.: "How do you like that fellow? He's one of his town's most substantial citizens."

Second Ditto: "Yes, solid as a rock from head to heels."

UNUSUAL CASE

"Have a mint, Senator?"
"Certainly not, I'm not open to bribery."

Sam: "Say, sister, how is it that you are always out when I telephone?"

Sarah: "Just plain luck, I guess."



Poem

*He was only a shepherd boy,
in his humble tattered suit
. . . And he looked at her
with his heart in his eyes
. . . Though he spoke not a
word—he was mute.*

*She was a lady with wind-
blown curls . . . And her
gown was of silk and lace
. . . She looked at the
little shepherd boy . . .
And love shone on her face.*

*Why didn't the little shep-
herd boy speak . . . And
her happiness increase?
. . . Because they were naught
but china dolls . . . on the
ends of the mantel-piece.*

—H. N. A.

Her face was her fortune but
she had it lifted.

Clerk (to boss): "How about
a raise in pay?"

Boss: "All right, your pay is
razed."

The only cheap thing con-
nected with a modern musical
comedy is the express charges
on the costumes.

CALL THE WAGON

"I just walked out on a dead
party."

"Who killed him?"

It is a kneesy thing to discover
what's supporting most girls
these days.

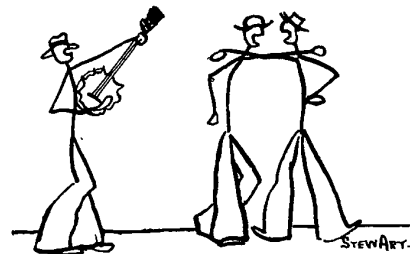
SO DO WE

"I think there is something
wrong with you."

"Yea, but I keep it under my
hat."

"And how do you sell your
gin?"

"On the sly."



"My brother just died in Chi-
cago."

"Did he die a natural death?"
"Yes, he was shot."

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

In Which Such Weighty Matters as Two Clubs, History 25, and Zoology, Are Solved to the Satisfaction of All.

" . . . I said three spades."

"Double two clubs. And I told Harold I simply could not go to the Zeta Zeta party and he . . ."

"I said three spades."

". . . was simply furious and . . ."

"The gentleman said three spades, Mary, my love. Come to."

"Oh, I'm sorry. By . . . and he said that everything was all off, so what could I do? Oh, I'm supposed to lay down my hand. I'm so sorry, I have only one honor . . . So I'm going up to New York for the holidays. Do you mind if I look at your hand? How wonderful! . . . My dear, I was so grieved."

"Who led that time, Wilbur? Well, I had always thought that Harold was rather an unreasonable soul and he . . ."

"Here's our book. You have to make the rest of the tricks . . ."

"But Harold is so adorable and I hated to miss the Zeta Zeta party . . ."

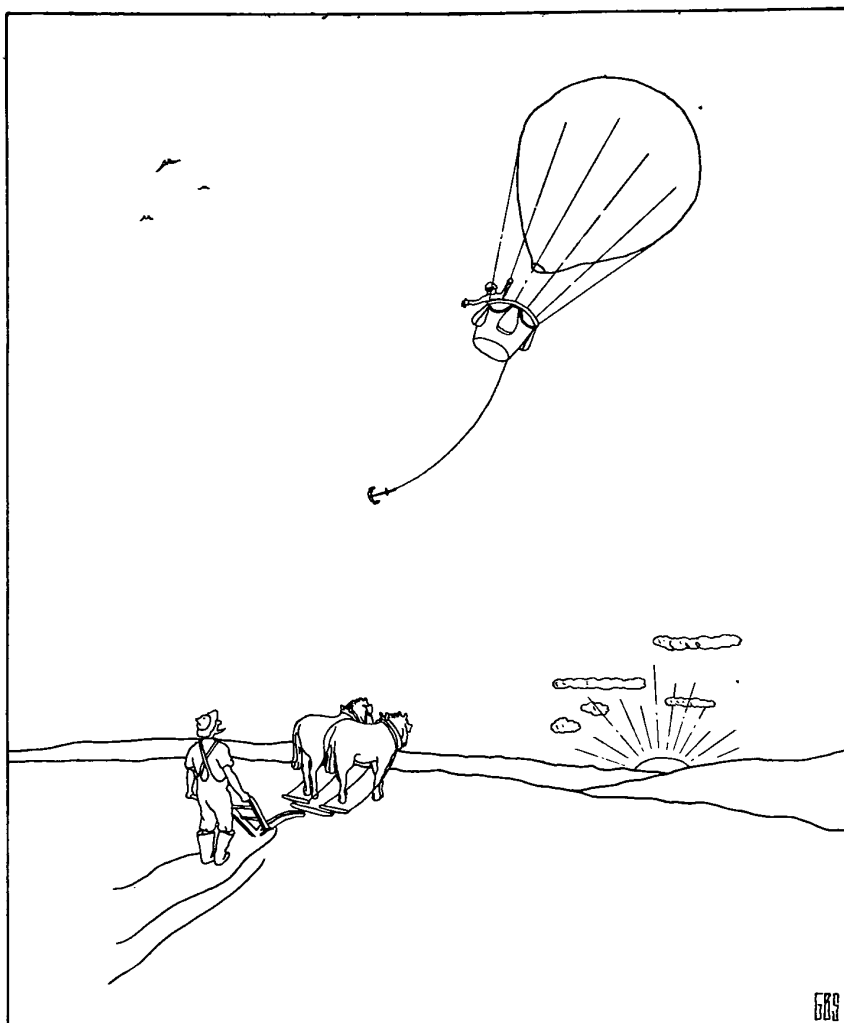
"Are you women playing bridge or aren't you? I get it for fifty a case from Johnny."

". . . A singleton in hearts. And that English prof told me I could only have two more cuts, so I . . ."

"Aw, let's not play bridge any more. Let's go over and catch a coke."

"One more hand, one more hand. Pass over the cigarettes."

"Mary, my dear, what do we



Lost Balloonist: "Ahoy, where am I?"

Farmer: "Heh, heh, you can't fool me, by gum. Yer right up there in that little basket . . . Giddap Susie."

care about your various men? Bid, for goodness' sake."

". . . One no trump. But now wouldn't you have felt terribly in my case? So I gave Harold his pin back, and do you know I was never so mortified in my life, because Harold looked at the pin, and it wasn't Harold's pin at all, it was Frank's."

"Two hearts. What did you say you paid for that Scotch?"

AND WHY NOT?

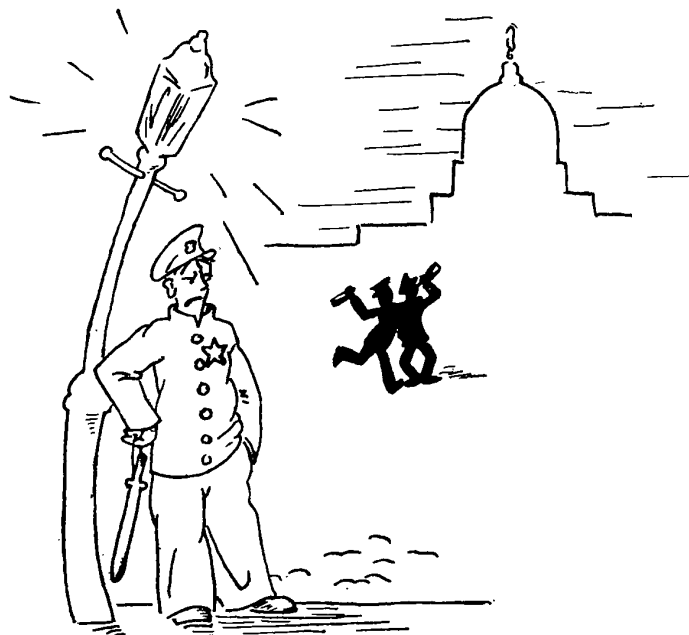
Lady (in florist shop): "I'd like to buy some buttercups."

New clerk: "I'm awfully sorry, but we don't carry chinaware in stock."



The male quartette will now render that touching little ballad entitled "She was only a sailor's sweetheart, but now she's an officer's mess."

AMBITION VIEWED FROM SEVERAL ANGLES



Meet Archie, whose father has enough pull with Senator Sorghum to get Archie a job on the Capitol Police (those fearless defenders of our nation's Capitol). Archie, who is on the night shift and usually spends his time sleeping on the divan in Sen. Sorghum's office, has been ordered by his sergeant to go out and chase away two drunken Marines, who are trying to demolish the left wing of the Capitol building. Archie is seriously contemplating on turning a deaf ear to Duty, because there is a dance at his frat house tomorrow and he doesn't like the idea of appearing with a black eye or broken nose.

Elsie took the Civil Service exam, and was subsequently invited to Washington to work for the Navy Department as a stenographer. Something is always going wrong to mar Elsie's piece of mind. Last Tuesday she wanted to study for an exam, but along came the Boss with a lot of dictation, and the only time she got to study was during lunch hour. Another time, when she was talking to Bill over the phone, the supervisor told her not to make personal calls during office hours. And now, just when she wanted to write that English Rhetoric theme, the Boss breezes in with some more dictation.

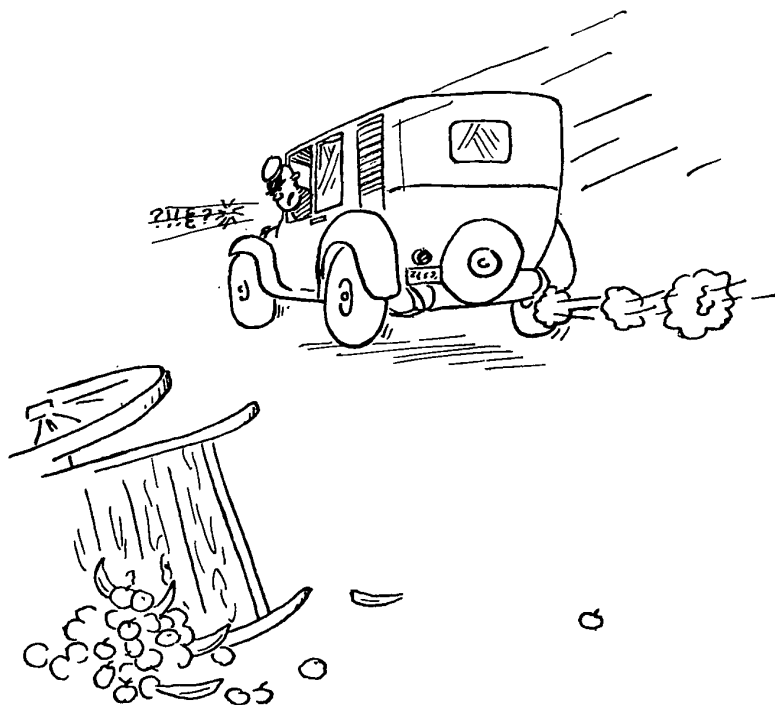


Drawings by
CHARLES E. SHREVE

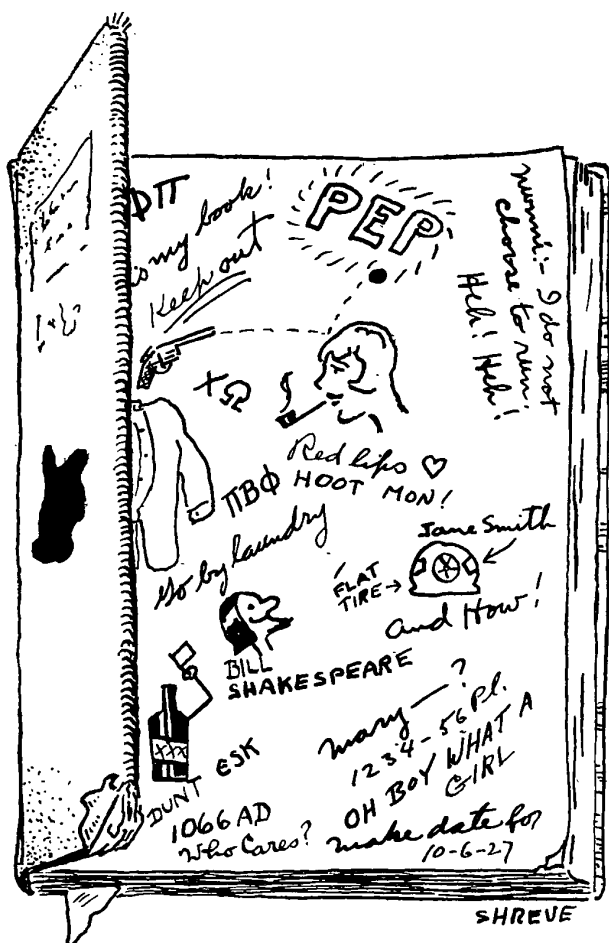
Lyrics by
RODNEY TATTERSALL

OR HOW SOME PEOPLE WORK THEIR WAY

Ah, the hard-boiled taxi driver! Horace has all kinds of fun going to school during the day and driving a taxi at night. Whenever you get in a taxi, the chances are 50-50 that the driver will be a college-bred man, a fact which inspires one taxi company to advertise "Every driver an escort." However, business is pretty slow to-night, avers Horace. The first fare he hauled was from Union Station, with no pourboire. The second was a Tired Business Man, who was too busy thinking about something else to tip. And the last fare was a little old lady, who, upon reaching her destination, tipped Horace a nice, shiny dime.



And here we have Thomas, who is making all kinds of money (so he says) by selling "Truesilk" hosiery from house to house. The company has outfitted Tom with a sample case and a color chart, and he is all enthused. However, his one great obstacle, which presents itself at almost every house, is gaining access to the parlor, for as a general rule the Lady of the House tells him that she "don't have time to talk." Nevertheless, at this particular moment our hero is in the height of his glory. Tom is engaged in demonstrating the wearing qualities of "Truesilk" hose to an elderly colored matron, who seems highly complimented.



ANY STUDENT'S NOTEBOOK

"I've heard you are the swellest jane in town, and you say you love me."

"Certainly, why should you be an exception?"

PESSIMISM

Here's to a glass of ginger ale,
So amber and so clear,
Not half so sweet as a co-ed's kiss,
But a darn sight more sincere.



Another good old axiom was rent asunder when Joe Collich exclaimed, "The less girls wear the warmer they are."

PLEASE HELP THE POOR

Secretary: "A lady waits without."

Producer of Musical Comedies: "Without what?"

Secretary: "Without food or clothing."

Producer: "Another of those skinny girls. Send her away."



Census statistics to the contrary, there are now more Parkers in the country than Smiths or Jones.



First Illiterate: "I've heard that Lillith came before Eve."

Second Ditto: "Are you telling me?"

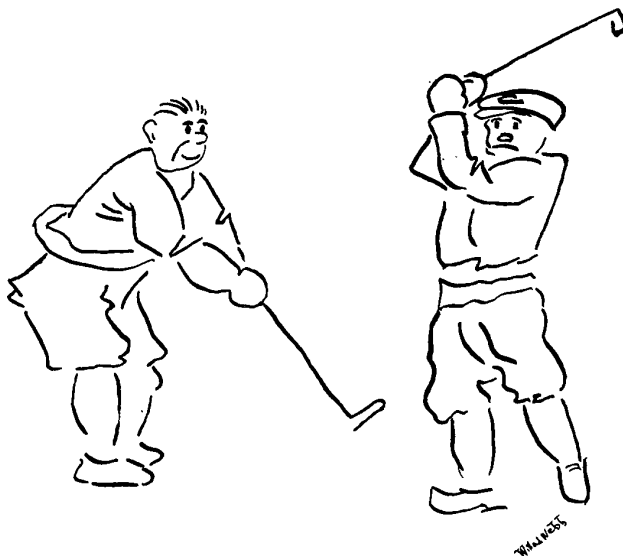
First Ditto: "No, I'm only Erskine you."



BATTER UP!

"You certainly mix a great cocktail? What's its base?"

"Second. The drinker seldom reaches third and never reaches home."



"What is your son taking at college?"

"Oh, he's taking all I've got."



"No you mustn't kiss me."

"But why not?"

"Because I'm saving my kisses for my husbands."



POOR PUSSY

Newlywed: "Heavens, I made some beautiful cakes for the guests and the cat ate them."

Hubby: "Don't worry, darling, I'll get you a new cat tomorrow."



Garters were once considered a necessity,—now they're considered an attraction.



"I've been bitten by a dog. What shall I do, doctor?"

"Put some phenol-thalen on it."

"I can't, it's run away."



IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU

Fortune Teller (to young lady client): "You are soon going on a long trip."

Young Lady: "Will I have to walk back?"

B's

after Joyce Kilmer

*I think that I shall never see
An F as lovely as a B.
A B whose rounded form is pressed
Upon the records of the blessed.
An F comes easily—and yet,
It isn't easy to forget;
F's are made by fools like me,
But only God could make a B.*

—WINK.



HOW ABOUT BALTIMORE?

"I'd like some ginger ale."

"Do you want Canada Dry?"

"Certainly not. What would we do for good liquor if it weren't for Canada."

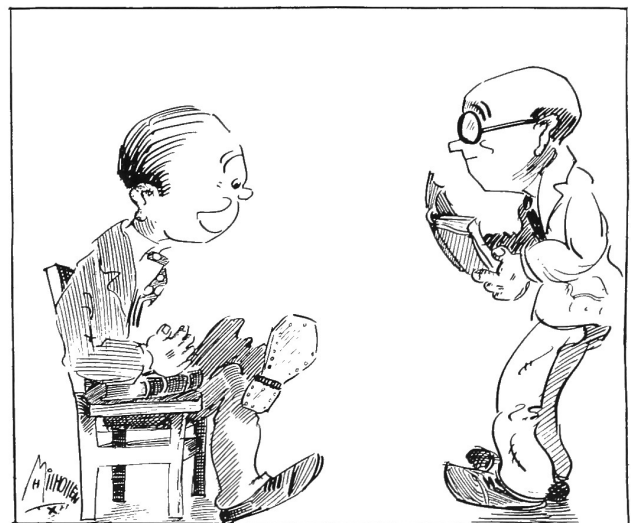


A cat and dog were having a fight, and the fracas had attracted a large crowd of spectators. Suddenly one of the onlookers drew a pistol and shot the dog.



"Whatinhell is the matter with you?" inquired an irate man.

"Oh, that's just to fool the dog," explained the other. "He'll think the cat killed him."



Prof: "As you know, George Washington started this university."

Student: "Why?"



THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT SENIOR

IN TWELVE CANTERS

ORIGINAL IDEA BY COLERIDGE
MODERNIZED BY ROWLAND LYON

I

*It is an ancient Senior
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy cold gray eye and shaggy
beard
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"*

II

*The chapel doors are open wide
And I'm the next one in;
The frosh is met, the speaker's set;
May'st hear the merry din."*

III

*He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a gyp," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me, graybeard
loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.*

IV

*He holds him with his glittering eye,
The chapel guest stood still,
And listens like a three year's child;
The Senior hath his will.*

V

*The guest sat on a concrete slab,
He could not choose but hear;
He could not even choose to run,
And thus spoke on that seer.*

VI

*My plan was cheered, my record
cleared,
Merrily did I hop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the high-school top.*

VII

*Lower and lower every day
My marks were wont to go.
The chapel guest here beat his breast
For it began to snow.*

VIII

*And now there came both mist and
snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, knee-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.*

IX

*God Save thee, Ancient Senior!
From profs that plague and damn
Why look'st thou so?—With my brass
pen
I flunked the last exam.*

X

*Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou chapel guest!
He passeth well, who loveth well
Both men and prof and test.*

XI

*The Senior, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the chapel guest
Turned toward the chapel door.*

XII

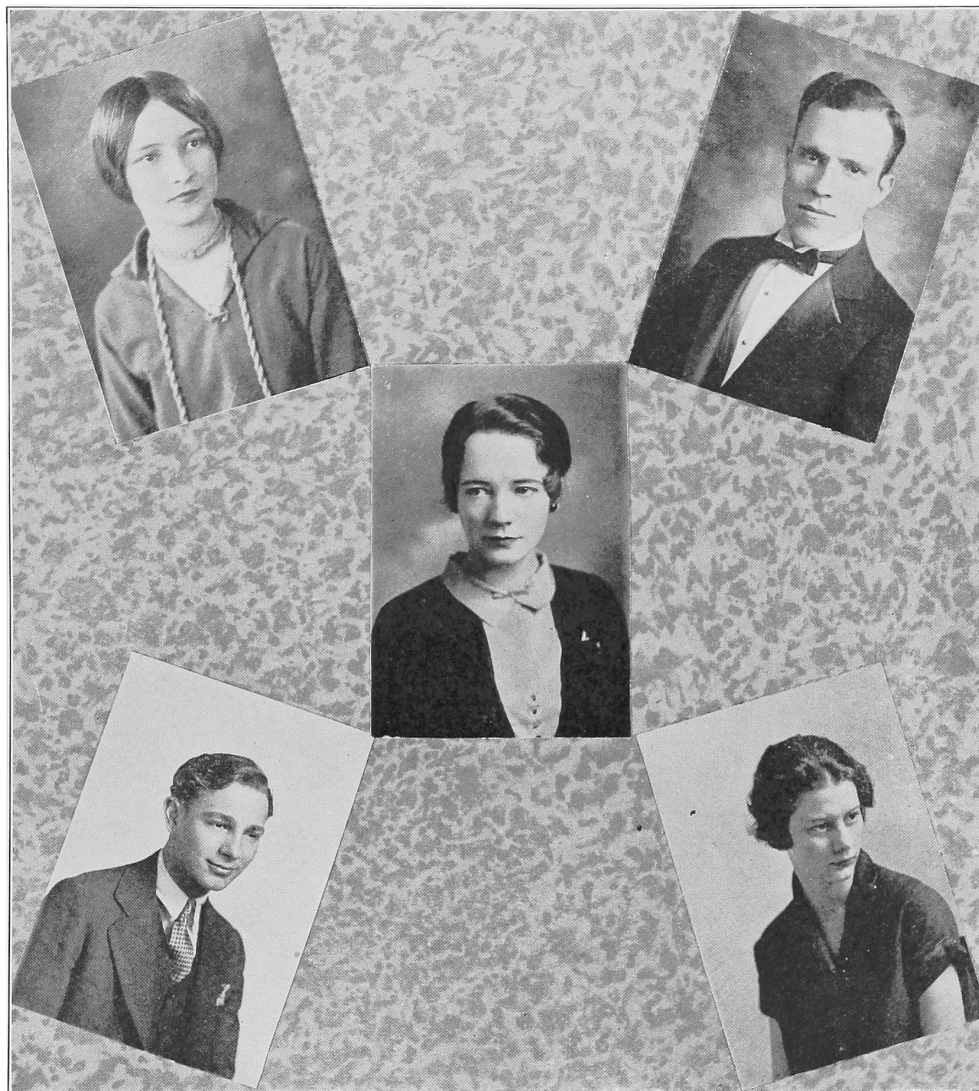
*He went as one that had been stunned
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.*



THE THEATRE

By JOHN MILLIGAN

"SHARPS and FRATS"



Several of the principals in the Troubadours' original musical comedy to be presented in the

artistic Wardman Park Theatre the week of January 9th: upper left, Janet Sheppard; upper right, Earl Nalls; center, Billie

Wright; lower left, Max Tandler, and lower right, Louise Littlepage.

AT a premiere at Broadway playhouse in June of 1926 I first met the man who has revolutionized the contemporary theatre — Dr. Penser Vite, Ph.D., W.R.C. At last, after years of discipleship, I had obtained my first squint at the learned writer. For a moment I

forgot my embarrassment, and studied the figure before me.

Dr. Vite I found, singularly enough, greatly resembles his photographs. He wears dark clothes, is never without a copy of "Variety", sneaks through theatre lobbies, but stalks through an aisle like Napoleon,

swears with commendable virtuosity, never stays at a play for more than ten minutes, is immensely prejudiced in favor of his friends of the theatre, has never been sober, knows every chorus girl in town, dispenses a slippery sybilant style in his

(Continued on page 26)



Black and White

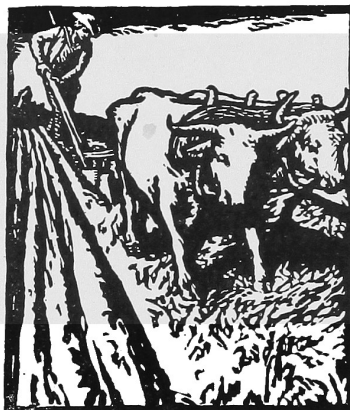
Of especial interest to George Washington people this month is *Black and White: An Anthology of Washington Verse* (*The Crane Press*), compiled by J. Cloyd Byars, former George Washington student.

There are seventeen contributors to the book; nine of these are from George Washington. Chief among these is Courtland Darke Baker, instructor in English, whose verse is especially notable for its finely turned workmanship. Two poems by Wroe Alderson stand out, the latter particularly for its use of phallic symbols. Other G.W. contributors are Lucille Everett, Sherman Elbridge Johnson (*our* Sherman, who has done five rather wild sonnets), Byars, Alvin G. McNish, N. Bryllion Fagin, and Jacob Rosenthal.

Mr. Byars does not hesitate to depart from the usual paths and takes some delight in the role of *enfant terrible*. He has included four negro poets, and for very good reason, for their work is worthy of inclusion. He has written a rather sarcastic dedication to Calvin Coolidge. Not only this, but in his biographical notices he has not spared his contributors. He indulges in pleasantries with them, and narrates their little peccadilloes and foibles. Thus, of Wroe Alderson, he says: "He was an ax-man in the lumber camps of Oregon and Washington, one of that army of strong, great lumber-jack men whose like do not appear often to grace the earth." We suspect that he is pulling Mr. Alderson's leg.

AS TO BOOKS

By Elbert L. Huber



This being the School Number, we thought it best to run something with a scholastic tinge. This illustration is one of many in "The Rise of American Civilization" (MacMillan), a new two-volume history by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. All bookstores will be glad to sell you both volumes for \$12.50.

There is much good poetry in the volume, however; and even if there were not, the book would be saved from tediousness by little choice salacious morsels that appear here and there.

Jeremy at Crale

Young Woodley a little younger and a bit more athletic. Hugh Walpole has done nothing unusual in handling the plot which contains the traditional football game, schoolboy feud and other well-known ingredients of "The Crimson Sweater or Jack Lockwill at Rocklake Academy."

Jeremy (Stocky) Cole is a husky young footer who has just been promoted to quarters, which seems to be something pretty special in the public schools of England. How he gets along with his school masters and his enemy takes up the major part of the story, but there are some rather good episodes to carry the reader along.



The author has been frequently damned as stodgy and somewhat of a bore—how successfully he vindicates himself in his new novel is a matter of opinion, but he has several characters which seem to justify the book. Stocky's uncle is an eccentric painter who has a philosophy of life that shines out as a relief against all the British stolidness and the usual toff about one's school, one's name and all that. Occasionally, it seems, there are Angles who refuse to take themselves seriously, and the reader was very glad to make the discovery.

A nice book to have given the kid brother for Xmas.

The Vanguard

You wouldn't recognize our old friend Arnold Bennett in his latest novel, "The Vanguard," which appeared in *College Humor*, and has been selected by the Literary Guild. As styled on the fly leaf, it is a fantasia—of the most unusual kind.

The Vanguard is a yacht owned by a self-made baronet who has a temper and who is possessed of a wife with one equally terrible. How he manages to abduct a smug business man with a passion for organizing to put over a business deal just to get the better of his wife in a little squabble is the basis for a cleverly done bit of foolishness.

In a word, we suspect that the author has written this thing just to show these critics that he could be light and amusing if he but chose to stoop so low. For

(Continued on page 26)

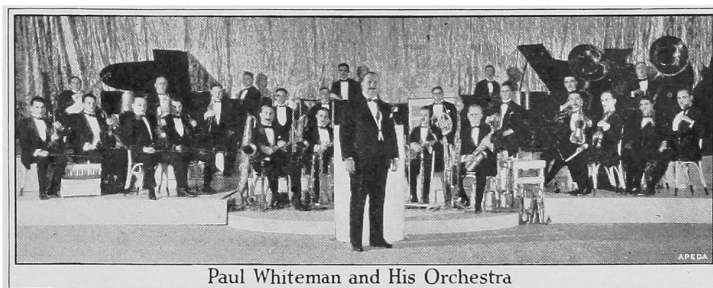


WE should like to be in New York right now, seeing all the new musical comedies, since such a number of song hits seems to be pouring forth. For example: Good News, Funny Face (Gershwin's latest), Sidewalks of New York, Manhattan Mary, The Merry Malones (George M. Cohan's), A La Carte, Five O'clock Girl, Just Fancy, and A Connecticut Yankee (from Mark Twain's book). Some of these are good, bad, indifferent as the case may be; yet, each has at least one good tune, and therefore would be worth a buggy ride.

The best tune from a new comedy that we have heard is My Heart Stood Still, from A Connecticut Yankee. Unusual words, good music, it has driven us gaga. Melville Gideon, a tenor, and a good one, sings it for Victor. On the Columbia recording it is paired with Thou Swell, from the same show, and played by the Broadway Nitelites. Other hits from the shows; Ooh! Maybe It's You, played by Ben Selvin and His Orchestra (Brunswick); Lucky in Love and Good News, also played by Selvin, and Varsity Drag, played by Frank Black and His Orchestra (both Brunswick). The latter is exceptionally fine. Then, Playground in the Sky, by Ben Selvin again (Columbia), and the same tune sung by Jack Smith, the Whispering Baritone (Victor.) This boy is good.

TIMELY TUNES

By Sherman Elbridge Johnson



Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra

A newer song yet, is You Came Along, played by Nat Shilkret's Orchestra (Victor) and paired with Humpty-Dumpty, which has a good xylophone. Molly Malone, played by The Cavaliers, is quite good, as is Baby's Blue and The Calinda, done by The Radiolites (both Columbia). Equally good is Manhattan Mary, played by Cass Hagan and His Park Central Orchestra (Columbia). That does for the musical comedies.

One word must go to mention a large electrical Brunswick Panatrope, on which we heard the Brunswick releases this month. Best recording instrument we ever heard.

Paul Whiteman has gone back to his proper field again in Among My Souvenirs (Victor),

BEST

Sweet Adeline (*Oompah*)
No Show (*No Show*)
No Soap (*No Soap*)
God Save the King (*Oompah*)
The Old Oaken Bucket (*Wheeze*)
That Old Consumptive Gal of Mine (*Squawk*)



just as he did in When Day Is Done. He really shows what a jazz band can do. In originality and versatility, he still remains the master of jazz. Just when we had about given up hope, too. This is a big twelve-inch record. Equally

good is Just a Memory, played by the Victor Concert Orchestra. A knockout. And we had thought that the possibilities of My Blue Heaven had been exhausted; but on the other side of this record it appears, and the Victor Salon Group makes a recording one cannot soon forget. A record which is the equal of When Day Is Done.

This Blue Heaven affair seems to have no end. Brunswick has no less than four recordings of it: by Kenn Sisson and His Orchestra; sung by Nick Lucas; played on the organ by Eddie Dunstedter, who is the goods; and on the accordion by Gallarini. Hear the last named especially.

Frank Banta, who used to accompany Gene Austin, has made a piano record of What Do We Do on a Dew-Dew-Dewy Day (Victor) that is well worth taking home. Another unique record is Dancing Tambourine, done by the Anglo-Persians (Brunswick). A good vocal piece is Good News, sung by Esther Walker (Brunswick). We didn't care for Way Back When (Victor) the latest effort of the Waring's Pennsylvanians. Sappy

(Continued on page 27)



OUR CLEVER CONTEMPORAIRES



THE USUAL TROUBLE

Co-ed: "What's the matter with the football team?"

Co-eddie: "A couple of weak end parties."

—*Southern California Wampus.*

HIGH PRICED SKINS

Mae: "I hear Percy's a dealer in hides and skins now."

Belle: "Yeh! He does the hiring for a large revue."

—*Spartan Spasms.*

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

First Assistant Devil: "What shall we do with this confession story writer?"

Second Assistant Devil: "Let's make him suffer just what he said he suffered."

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

THESE WITTY MIDSHIPMEN!

Barber: "Wet or dry?"

First Class: "Never mind my politics—cut my hair!"

—*Annapolis Log.*

LET'S HOPE SO

Al: "Were you at the game yesterday?"

Alice: "Sure, I was there."

Al: "I didn't see you. Which end did you sit on?"

Alice: "Oh, the same old end."

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

INTERESTING READING

Once: "Think I'll start a diary."

Twice: "No use; you'll remember all the things you want, anyway."

Thrice: "And you wouldn't want to write them down, anyway."

—*Annapolis Log.*

YOU SAID IT

Frosh: "A good line certainly is an asset to a football team."

Senior: "Not only to a football team, big boy!"

—*Hopkins Black & Blue Jay.*

DARN THESE COMMAS

First Woman: "What is today, Adam?"

First Man: "Today is Christmas Eve."

First Woman: "Then where are my presents, Adam?"

First Man: "Tomorrow is Christmas, Eve!"

—*Virginia Reel.*

SCOTCH JOKE NO. 68532

Then there's the Scot who fired a gun in the back room, and told the Kids that Santa Claus was dead!

—*V. M. I. Sniper.*

GUILTY CONSCIENCE

She, demurely: "Do you consider my legs long?"

He: "Madame, I assure you, I never even looked."

—*California Pelican.*

FOR GOLFERS ONLY

F.: "Why do they call it a Tea Dance?"

B.: "Tee Dance? 'Cause that's the time you put the ball on."

—*Lafayette Lyre.*

ANOTHER SCOTCH JOKE

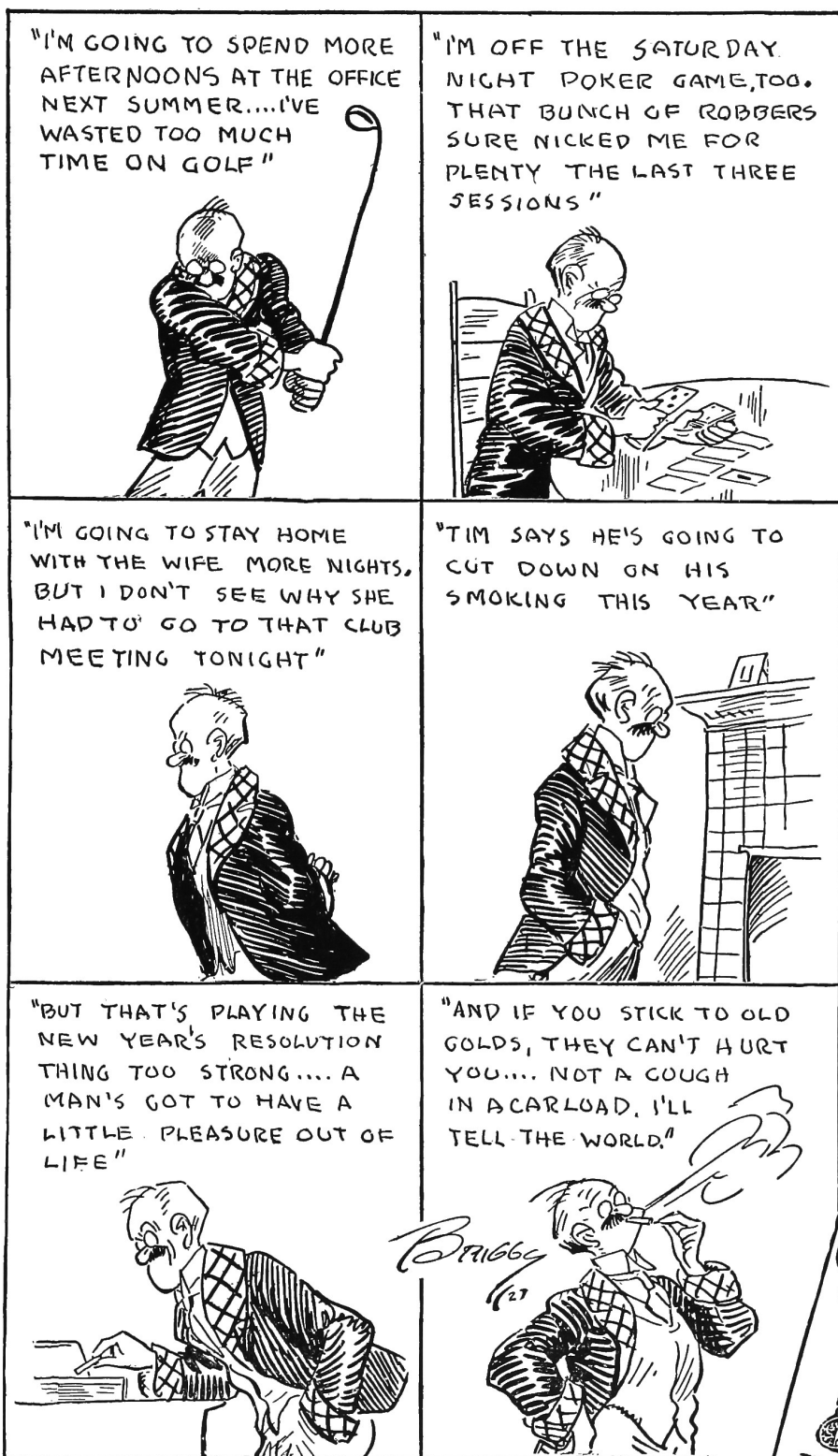
"I get an awful kick out of dancing with you—you must be Scotch!"

"How did you guess it?"

"You dance so close!"

—*V. M. I. Sniper.*

Movie of a Man Formulating His New Year's Resolutions : : By BRIGGS



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.. not a cough in a carload



15¢



THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 21)

criticism, has no illusions, and lets his mind rule his heart.

Picture my ecstasy when the noted pedant deigned to notice me—me, a mere columnist on a college comic. I was from that moment no longer an ordinary mortal, but a man worthy of conversational regard by the great, a person with the mentality requisite to listening to a dramatic critic.

"I was once a student," I said, "and have long followed in your footsteps. In writing of the theatricals of the seven colleges I have attended, I have often wished for definite statements from your pen on the matter, that my judgment might be carefully designed after an intellectual fashion."

Straightway he began to lecture upon amateur dramatics, and I have obtained the privilege of repeating his thoughts and advice! His magnificent essay on the Russian drama is as nothing compared to his discourse on school plays (cf. Bergson's *Theory of the Dormant Sex Life of the Subcellular Tissues*). To what he said, let all those of college age hearken. This is it:

"The trouble with collegians is that they are too individual. Whether of scholarly or athletic turn of mind, they never base their opinions upon the particular wiseacre or coach in vogue at the moment. They never become identified with each other in dress, actions, manner of making love, or enjoyments. Each is an entity to himself, ignorant of the facts and notions gathered

by his fellow students, and never leaving school with the same knowledge gained by others. This attitude, in the aggregate, is reflected in their theatricals.

"When a university dramatic association, for instance, decides to produce a play, it never chooses a drama because it is regarded as highbrow, because it is far and away beyond their poor powers of production, but always picks something interesting to the school, capable of being understood and put on by the association. They never persuade themselves that weeks of work rehearsing a classic play will enable them to study the play correctly, and always bear in mind the fact that such a play, delivered before their classmates, is never judged by the classmates. They know that their friends out front would not derive any culture from witnessing the people who curse beside them in French class striving nobly to do the better and finer in histrionic art.

"Realizing all this, no college dramatic association ever tries to make itself believe that it is a serious and worth-while uplift of the drama when a stage masterpiece is produced on a badly lighted and set stage. No—these organizations always seem to know that their principal attribute is youth and beauty, and that it is these attributes which appeal to their fellows.

"It is splendid that these organizations know that real study of the stage cannot be gained from amateur production, and that those truly interested in the drama must read a play to digest it thoroughly. And that the producers themselves would, in such a case, be merely hoodwinking themselves or seeking applause.

"So, returning to my first premise, no college dramatic

crew ever tries to imitate the technique or present vogue of the professional stage. College people are too individual, never imitative.

"That is why they stick to subjects they can handle, and base their operation on their charm, pulchritude and age. That is why they give a fast moving and really funny show when attempting musical comedy, and never select a leading comedian who drawls his lines and takes from them in this way any slight humor they may possess. That is why they never try to follow the canons of professional musical comedy, and always write books and songs about the subject they know best—youth and school. That is why their productions are so original, worth-while, do not pretend to be of particular benefit to themselves or anyone else, and are so cleverly staged and directed. That is why—"

Here Dr. Vite stopped. He had spied a bulging hip pocket disappearing into the lounge of the Broadway theatre, and followed that pocket hastily. But, my friends, more of this anon!



AS TO BOOKS

(Continued from page 22)

there is nothing more in the story than that. The book is very fanciful, the characters are almost unreal in some ways, and the plot is positively 'impractical', as our prosaic friends might suggest.

Which is what makes it the most delightful kind of book to read when you are in the doldrums.

It has been said of the work by one of our contemporaries that it was a '*tour de force*'. We are sure that if you care for *tours de force*, you will like this one.



TIMELY TUNES

(Continued from page 23)

words, and we heard the piece way last summer. Art Gillham, the Whispering Pianist, has a mushy ballad also, *The Pal You Left at Home* (Columbia).

But, as a rule, the releases are very good this month. *The Two Black Crows* are with us again, Parts 5 and 6 (Columbia). They solve such problems as lions, elephants, and Oklahoma and Indian Territory. *Sing On, Brother, Sing* is a good spiritual, sung by Vernon Dalhart, Carson Robison, and Ade-lyne Hood (Victor). Miss Annabelle Lee appears again, played by Ben Bernie and his outfit (Brunswick). One of the best dance records is Roger Wolfe Kahn's *An Old Guitar* and *An Old Refrain* (Victor). The Kahn lad has the spark, undoubtedly. *Baby Your Mother*, done by Don Bestor for Victor, is another of those sappy mother songs, but in spite of that is good music.

Charmaine appears again, as might be expected, this time by Abe Lyman's California Orchestra (Brunswick). Very nice. As is *There's a Cradle in Caroline*, by The Radiolites (Columbia).

Franklyn Baur is particularly worthy of mention at this time. His is a rich, consistent, tenor that records well. It does not have the crooning quality of Gene Austin's, but it is more masculine. He probably is represented on more phonograph records than any one man. We have heard eight records this month for which he does the vocal refrain.

By the way, just to show you how *Timely Tunes* is looking out for you, we scooped *The NEW YORKER* twenty-six days in the big *Follies Medley* record in November. The *Ghost* appeared November 1; "Pop" of *The New Yorker* reviewed this in the November 26 issue. And this in view of the fact that *The GHOST's* deadlines are much earlier.

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¶ The following members of our art staff have drawings in this issue:

¶ Elizabeth Buntin, Merrie Childrey, Virginia Latterner, H. D. Milhollen, Sally Osborn, Gordon Scheibell, Charles E. Shreve, Peggy Somervell, Marion Stewart, Willard Webb.

¶ We are paying \$1 for each drawing accepted. Everybody invited to contribute. All drawings, with your name and address, must be in the Hatchet Office by the 10th of each month.

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at the large number of
g. w. students who are
regular patrons of the

little theatre

on 9th street between f and g

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

The wind was blowing very violently on a street corner and a young lady's dress was blown up around her neck, when a man standing near began to laugh, she irately said, "I see you are no gentleman.

"No, and I see you are not either," was the reply.

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.



AND DON'T YAWN

Silence is golden when a lady with bridge work has her mouth shut.

—Bison.

CORRECT

Freshman: "What is the Pan-Hel council?"

Second Nit Wit: "Oh, I guess it's a bunch of people who get together to pan Hell out of the fraternities."

—Ohio Green Goat.



OF ALL THINGS

Izzy: "I've had such a hard life. At the age of eighteen I was left an orphan."

Dizzy: "What did you do with it?"

—Stanford Chaparral.

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Bearly
Camels Hair
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Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165

DON'T GET SORE

"Hey, Joe, watcha gonna do after yuh graduate?"

"I gonna teach."

"You can't be a teacher, you're too dumb."

"I ain't gonna be a teacher—I'm gonna be a college professor."

—Carnegie Puppet.

**OUR MOUTHS WATER**

Zig: "We are now passing one of the few remaining salons in Buffalo."

Zag: "Why?"

—Bison.

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for **UNIVERSITY MEN**

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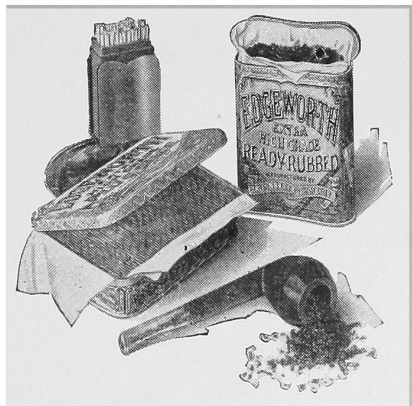
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—Ohio State Sun Dial.

**CHANGE THE TABLECLOTH**

"What's become of the tattooed beauty?"

"She had her face lifted and it threw all her pictures out of focus."

—Vassar Vagabond.



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WE'LL PASS

"What's the difference between a pair and a straight flush?"

"A good deal!"

—V. M. I. Sniper.



BIG FIRE SALE

Mr. Dinkelstein: "Prometheus was a Hebrew."

Mr. Finkelspeil: "Yi! Yi! How vos dot?"

Mr. Dinkelstein: "Didn't he brought fire to hooman bings?"

—Spartan Spasms.

ANOTHER FAST ONE

Nit: "Make me a loan, old pal."

Wit: "All right. I'm going now."

—Virginia Reel.



GOOD FOR THEM

Belle: "Do you college boys waste much time?"

Hop: "Oh, no, most girls are reasonable."

—Drexel Drexerd.

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Old Ebbitt

A. R. LOFSTRAND

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Why not send The GHOST
to your friends?

ALL AMERICAN ENGLISH

. . . . Iz zat so? 's cups scawffee
 lissen head, is Ah, or is Ah mus'n?
 jeeze, lookit d' doity woim on d'
 coib vat chu vant iss a wentilador
 excuzit pleeze grease at board,
 kid gimme sa rer ersters a black
 kerfee foined, begorra, yez are, fer
 speedin' it was on fit' avenyu
 nize baby, ett oop hall da benenna hoil
 ah you all from th' no'th? it may be
 heaven, but it's not Bast'n or Hava'd
 whaddya wannme t' gi' y', a sockonnanoose?

—Lafayette Lyre.



THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

She: "Where in the world did you get that horrible necktie?"

He: "The laugh's on you. You gave it to me last Christmas."

—Southern California Wampus.



SHAME ON YOU

"My girl has on a Western dress tonight."

"Howzat?"

"Wide open spaces."

—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.



SNAPPY

Mother: "Johnny! where DID you get those things?"

Johnny: "Out of Bob's trunk. He said all the boys at college wore them to keep their sleeves up."

—Virginia Reel.



Fair One!

May Edginton, in the February *College Humor*, begins a novel that is a rich and genuine study of a girl on her own, *Fair One*. It begins with simple people . . . an English village . . . streets with the sunset bloom in them . . . men and women who knew life was somewhere about, but didn't much want to find it out. It quickens in pace; employs many glamorous, cosmopolitan elements; ends in an arpeggio-like manner that is certain to delight you.

Also in this big February issue you will find *Sailor Love*, a story of shore leave by John V. A. Weaver, soon to be released as a feature photoplay. And Richard Connell, John Gunther, Mildred Cram, Jim Tully, O. O. McIntyre—besides a penetrating article on the University of Chicago, by Samuel Putnam.

CollegeHumor

ON ALL NEWS-STANDS



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P.B.X.-CALVERT
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SERVICE

GETTING CLASSICAL

Aeschylus: "Whither goest thou, Agamemnon?"

Agamemnon: "Why, out to see my fair young damsel."

Aeschylus: "And she lives where?"

Agamemnon: "Out in the Styx, of course."

—*Spartan Spasms.*



SERVES HIM RIGHT

“Why is Dobbs so mutilated?”

"He wore his fur coat on a coon hunt last night."

—*Virginia Reel.*



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THIS SOUNDS GOOD

Did you ever stop to think how many college comic magazines there are? Almost every college and university has one of some kind. Many are excellent, others not so good, but the fact remains that they all have their good points.



Our next issue will be the Exchange Number; it will be a collection of the best features from the leading college magazines of the country. This number will be an Anthology of the snappiest jokes and best drawings so far, and it will be something you will want to keep.



However, the masterpieces from other colleges will not invade the Ghost altogether. Mr. Milligan will say something about The Theatre in his scintillating manner (Ah there, Jack); Mr. Johnson will glibly discuss "Timely Tunes"; Mr. Huber will doubtless perpetrate his page of Book Reviews; and Rodney Tattersall, Esq. threatens to do his column on "Campus Chatter."



All in all, it will be a Big Thing In The Lives Of Many. Provided we don't flunk the finals and get kicked out of school, the Exchange Number will come forth on February 1.



Good. That's what it is . . .

No USE trying to put a definition around Camel. It is as diverse and fugitive as the delicate tastes and fragrances that Nature puts in her choicest tobaccos, of which Camel is rolled. Science aids Nature to be sure by blending the tobaccos for subtle smoothness and mildness. One way to describe Camels is just to say, "They are good!"

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